



A N

E L E G Y

Upon the Death of Mr. *Aaron Smith*, who Departed this Life on the
28th of *June*, 1701.

2. July. 1701.

NOW Villains weep! since you have lost your Head,
Alas! the much lamented *Smith* is dead;
Lunt, *Woomball*, *Taff*, and *Kenny*, drain your Eyes,
And *Ba—r* too, attend the Obsequies;
All you that on the *Kings-bench* Walk do use,
And shew your Trades by wearing Straws in Shoes;
Come to his Funeral to shed a Tear,
And swear he has not left his Fellow here.
Remember you that hate the Liturgy,
How he stood up against Idolatry;
At *Oxford*, there his Noblest Game he play'd,
When his bold Pen th' Immortal Ballad made.
Say then, ye Muses, what immortal Verse,
His never-dying Glories can rehearse?
When he himself a Brother of your Choir,
Once sacred Numbers did his Breast inspire:
His *Raree-show*, d' proud Raptures, so renown'd,
The Author's Brow with wooden Laurels crown'd:
One single Song price full Five hundred Pound.
Shall this fam'd Bard then to his Urn descend,
And not the Brothers of the Quill attend.
No, let their loudest Ayrs their Tribute pay,
And boldly chant that ne'er forgotten Day,
When, if his Fame may but look back so far,
Ev'n Majesty it self brought to his Bar,
His Ballad Ink with true *Geneva* dash'd,
The little *Charles* was by great *Aaron* lash'd.
Yes, ev'n th' offending Crown'd-head Criminals here
Call'd to the Saints Tribunal, must appear.
That Lash, alas, gave but a feeble Blow:
There's Mercy, *Aaron*, in thy *Raree-show*.
From Saints of thy true Stamp, thy pious Mould,
Compar'd with their more loud-tongu'd Feats of old;
The Buffet of a Song was a small Shock.
They can build Kings a Scaffold and a Block.
Well; such his indefatigable Zeal
For his dear Babel pile a *Commonweal*;
From the Ungrateful *Crown*, more coldly serv'd;
How has he mourn'd in *Limbo*, Chain'd, and Starv'd.
But after *James* did to his Cousin sail,
He by another Reign was freed from Jail.
How many flock'd with our brave Master down
To *Lancashire*, where he fled from a Town,
Cause Fortune guided *Lunt's* unlucky hand,
To lay upon a Gentleman his Wand,
That, on my word, knew nothing of the Plot,
Which was in his Design a curst Blot.

For which examin'd by the Parliament,
He strongly urg'd how good was his Intent
To serve 'em all; and for the Mighty Charge,
He'd put the King, his Conscience he'd enlarge
To serve his Country still, for foul or fair,
He'd those about him, who would boldly swear,
To keep his Honour up; but now he's gone,
Our *Perjur'd* Trade is utterly undone.
What if Non-jurant Parsons he did hate?
And willingly could yield 'em up to Fate;
With Popish Bishops he cou'd oft dispence,
If they cou'd dawb his Fists with *Peter-Pence*;
For any Man may *Jack* of both sides play,
Where Interest can over Conscience sway.
Considering what Exports of Cruelty,
Our Master did, whom we no more shall see;
As sending Flocks to Goal, to lie on Straw,
And doing things contrary to the Law;
Nay counting no illegal Act a Sin,
The Inquisition Head he might have been.
But is he dead? Then let's with Cypress Stalks,
And Rosemary adorn the Temple Walks;
Too fatal was the Stroke of Nature's hand;
But for the Deed, if e're we reach the Land
Of Death, we'll to his dark Apartments come,
And swear the Tyrant out of House and Home.
But seeing Death has been so very hard,
We hope his Friends will have his just Reward.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this Stone
Lies Forty one,
That lived in Seventeen Hundred.
With Jealous Fears
Th' old State Bugbears,
No Bigot louder Thunder'd.
With Zeal so warm
His Soul to Charm,
His Piety could brag;
With Sense and Reason
He loath'd the Treason:
But loved the Judas Bag.

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